Feral Twink

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Feral Twink

by trashbambi

Summary

"I feel the need to card him." Zeller stage whispered to Price, who elbowed him in the side though was clearly amused.

"Ok what? Is it because I shaved my beard off? I know I look a bit younger without it but really, It's not that drastic," Will told them, getting annoyed at the attention.

"You look like a feral twink." Beverly said and Zeller lost it, bursting into laughter as he bent over one of the empty examination tables for support. Will threw him a disgruntled look.

Notes

once again beta'd by the wonderful silas
Dedicated to the wonderful people in the Hannigram HQ discord and every time one of us brings up Hugh's 'Feral Twink' past.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will strode into the lab, eyes glued to an open case file in his hand. He was focused intently enough on it that he missed all conversation coming to a halt as soon as he entered. He only looked up from the crime scene photos in the file when his muttered ‘hello’ went unreturned.

Tension filled him as he realised everyone was staring at him, their faces twisted in varied states of shock. Even Doctor Lecter was looking at him slack jawed, or as slack jawed as his ironclad control allowed. Which is to say, he sported slightly parted lips and minutely raised brows.

“Uh… is - is something wrong?” Will subconsciously took a step back as though preparing to flee.

“My shirt isn’t inside out or something is it?” Will tried to joke, closing the folder in his hands. He knew his shirt was definitely the right way out, but he couldn’t work out what had everyone looking so… shaken.

“So uh, Will, you sure you’re almost 40?” Beverly said, biting her lip after to fight back the snigger that clearly wanted to escape.

“36, but yeah I’m pretty sure… I mean, I have lived those 36 years.”

“I feel the need to card him.” Zeller stage whispered to Price, who elbowed him in the side though was clearly amused.

“Ok what? Is it because I shaved my beard off? I know I look a bit younger without it but really, It’s not that drastic,” Will told them, getting annoyed at the attention.

“You look like a feral twink.” Beverly said and Zeller lost it, bursting into laughter as he bent over one of the empty examination tables for support. Will threw him a disgruntled look.

“I slipped while trimming and removed a chunk so I decided to just shave it all off. It’ll grow back in a week or so if it bothers you all so much.”

At this point Hannibal, who had been silent until now, pushed his way past Beverly. Will had no time to escape as Hannibal advanced on him. All he could do was back up against the wall, opening his mouth to ask Hannibal what he was doing.

The words died in his mouth as Will felt Hannibal’s hand on his cheek, fingers stroking over his smooth skin.

“Forgive me, Will.” Was all Hannibal said before he was leaning in. Lips pressed against Will’s jaw and he let out a startled noise. Will looked past Hannibal at their audience who were watching with clear shock at the turn of events.

Will froze, unable to process the feeling of Hannibal’s mouth against his skin. His brain felt as though it was full of nothing but static as his ability to think shorted out. All at once his brain kicked back into gear like a cold engine warming up enough to turn over. His breath

hitched as teeth scraped over his chin, sending a spark of unexpected pleasure shooting down his spine. He grabbed Hannibal's shoulders and pushed him back, wide eyed.

"Whoa, what the fuck Doctor Lecter!" Will snapped, his heart beating a wild rhythm behind his ribs. Hannibal's hands were on his hips, reaching around him and grabbing handfuls of his rear.

"Holy fuck, stop that! What's gotten into you?"

"I apologise. I find my self-control slipping, seeing you like this."

Will's eyes flicked behind them again to where Zeller was slapping a few dollar bills into a smug looking Bev's hand. Will's hands went to Hannibal's wrists and pulled them away. Instead of letting them go and making a break for it, Will instead kept ahold of one, using it to steer Hannibal towards the door.

"We're going to talk. Somewhere private. You're going to explain yourself." Will said, tone terse. As they left the room Will caught a shouted 'Get it Graham!' from Beverly and scowled, pulling Hannibal through the halls of Quantico to a stairwell. Once they were safely sequestered away from prying eyes, Will dropped Hannibal's wrist and stepped back, folding his arms across his chest.

"Ok, What the fuck was that? I have a little shave and suddenly you turn into Doctor Hannibal Lecher!"

"Language, Will. And how many times have I asked you to call me Hannibal?"

"I hardly think my language is the real issue here. Stop deflecting." Will demanded, jaw clenching as he managed to somehow stare Hannibal down without actually looking him in the eye. Hannibal had the good sense to look chastised for his behaviour.

"I admit I've been struggling with my attraction toward you for some time now. I'm not quite sure why seeing you shaved has had such a visceral effect on me, I shall have to examine my reactions more thoroughly. Perhaps it's something to do with you looking far more approachable when you're not hiding behind your glasses and your beard in combination." Hannibal explained with a sigh.

"You… you're attracted to me? How long - uh - when did you realise that?"

"About the time you first looked me in the eyes while describing why you dislike eye contact."

Will stalled slightly at the implication that Hannibal had been attracted to him since their first meeting. Surely this was all a joke, right? Bev had somehow managed to convince Doctor Lecter to participate in some kind of schoolyard level prank?

"Oh… uh… I'm, well I'm… Thats… nice?" Will stumbled over his words, not quite knowing what to say in response to the admission. His cheeks heated with a blush.

Sure he'd noticed Doctor Lecter was attractive. Devastatingly so. But he'd been a bit too engulfed by recent cases to think much of the few fleeing sexual dreams he'd had that involved Hannibal.

Was he attracted to Hannibal Lecter on a physical level? Sure. Did he want to pursue that now that he knew Hannibal was into him? The thought had Will's chest tightening. He wasn't sure if it was out of desire or anxiety.

He took a step backward as though that would help mentally separate himself from the situation enough to think on it clearly. Instead it just caused him to stumble and fall toward the upward flight of stairs behind him.

Will braced himself for an uncomfortable landing that never came. What did come was Hannibal's hands on his arms, steadying him and pulling him close to counteract the fall.

"Careful, Will," Hannibal said, voice soft and far too close. A hand slipped from Will's shoulder to instead wrap around his back to keep him near. Now that they were in a relatively secluded place Will was actually able to pay attention to what was happening without worrying about having an audience.

Hannibal was so close, holding Will steady against him. He was so warm and solid and Will found himself leaning into his embrace. After a short moment Will started to pull back, looking past Hannibal's shoulder and avoiding his eyes.

It was definitely anxiety that fueled his next move. His throat was tight, feeling like his air could be cut off any second if he didn't do something. His heart was racing uncomfortably in his chest, so loud he was sure Hannibal could hear it too. A tremble wracked his body.

Will leaned forward again and pressed an unsure kiss against Hannibal's lips. It was chaste and quick, a mere press of dry lips against Hannibal's. Will barely had time to catch his breath before Hannibal had turned them slightly and pushed Will against the wall of the stairwell.

Hannibal's mouth pressed against Will's own, hungry. Will gripped at Hannibal's shoulders, a clutch for stability as it felt like the floor dropped out from under him. He gasped into the kiss, mind full of nothing but static.

Hannibal's lips moved from Will's lips to his jaw again, nipping and nuzzling at the smooth skin.

"Fuck, Ha-Hannibal! That's…" Will said, voice coming out faint. He was unable to finish his sentence as Hannibal sucked an open mouthed kiss just below his ear. Will's knees felt weak and a soft whine was forced from his throat.

"That feels… shit that feels good." Will's heart was pounding and he knew Hannibal could feel it. The hand that had been on his back was now against the wall for support. The other hand was pressed over his chest, fingers splayed and feeling his pounding heartbeat.

It wasn't long before Will was fighting back near constant noises of pleasure, hyper aware of the fact they were in a public stairwell. Someone could walk in on them any moment. Could catch Hannibal pressing him against the wall, ravaging his jaw and neck. They would see the way Hannibal was pressing their bodies together from chest to thighs and how Will was no eagerly pressing into it.

Hannibal's mouth returned to Will's, hand coming up from his chest to cup his jaw. His thumb stroked over Will's stubble free chin as his tongue lapped at Will's lips. Will was quickly getting hard, and he'd be embarrassed about it if he couldn't feel Hannibal in much the same situation against his hip.

Will's hands moved from Hannibal's shoulders to wind in his hair as his own tongue flicked out to meet Hannibal's. With a quiet whine Will rolled his hips against Hannibal's, enjoying the way that action seemed to punch the air right out of Hannibal's lungs.

It has heaven. It had been years since Will had been with anyone. He hadn't done more than a quick kiss after a date—that inevitably lead to nothing—in so long. The fact that he was doing this with someone who knew him better than anyone had in a long while had Will feeling dizzy.

Usually people were only interested in him for his looks. As soon as they realised he had issues, they usually stopped calling or broke it off. That or they were only interested in studying his mind. But Hannibal knew him. Hannibal knew his issues and was still interested. And while Hannibal was interested in his mind, that didn't seem to be his driving motivation.

"Hannibal… ngh… we shouldn't be doing this. Not here." Will put up a token protest.

"If you're quiet then no one will be any wiser. Can you be quiet for me, dear Will?"

"You might have to… keep my mouth occupied," Will said, breaking the sentence in half with a quick kiss.

"I believe that's something I'm capable of," Hannibal purred. His voice was practically dripping with hunger and a dark delight coiled in Will's gut. The thought of Hannibal tearing him apart with his teeth stole into his mind abruptly. Hannibal's hands molding him physically to his whim as his mouth tore at his flesh with starved savagery.

The image blurred for a moment, Hannibal's skin turned inky black and antlers protruding from his head. Vivid red coated his teeth and lips before it snapped back to a more realistic view. He could almost feel those fangs of his sinking into the flesh of his neck and pulling, tearing.

It shouldn't have been such an enticing thought. Something must be seriously wrong with him to react the way he did. Will's cock gave an almost painful twitch of arousal, breathing laboured as the hallucination seemed to go on and on. The phantom pain caused very real pleasure.

Then, just as suddenly as it had come, the thought was gone.

Will was quickly distracted from analyzing it by Hannibal's mouth on his and a hand between them. Will felt Hannibal unfastening his trousers with nimble fingers before slipping his hand inside. Hannibal swallowed Will's loud, startled moan as fingers wrapped around his cock. Hannibal gave a few firm strokes before pulling Will from the confines of his pants.

The frigid air in the stairwell hit Will's heated skin and made him shiver. He was distracted from it as Hannibal finally pushed his tongue past Will's lips to tangle with his own. It took him a moment to realise that Hannibal had also freed his own erection and was now guiding one of Will's hands to hold up his own shirt, out of the way.

Will groaned into Hannibal's mouth as their cocks were pressed together between their bellies. Hannibal began to roll his hips slowly, creating a delicious friction. Pulling back for air, Will let his head fall back with a dull 'thunk' against the wall, panting heavily. He looked down at their cocks, marvelling at the way they pressed together.

His cheeks flushed at the sensation of sensitive skin rasping over coarse pubic hair. It wasn't something he'd really experienced before. The limited number of men he had been with had all been completely clean shaven. He'd never paid much attention to the times his cock rubbed against his own body hair when he was rutting against the mattress.

It felt surprisingly good and Will's throat worked to swallow a moan, breathing heavily through his nose. He needed to muffle himself lest they get caught. He buried his face against Hannibal's neck, biting lightly just so his mouth was occupied. He felt Hannibal's chest rumble as he growled at the bite.

Hannibal was pressing him harder into the wall when they both froze at the sound of a door opening a few floors above them. Will scrambled to tuck himself back into his pants, but Hannibal's hands grabbed his wrists. He pinned them to the wall either side of Will's hips.

"Hush, keep still. It sounds like they're going upward. If you don't make any noise they won't know we're here." Hannibal whispered in Will's ear. Will bit back a whine at that and the following slide of Hannibal's tongue over the shell of his ear. His eyes wanted to roll back as Hannibal continued to rock against him. The high risk of being caught did nothing to quell Will's rapidly approaching orgasm.

As soon as they heard a door slam closed above them, Hannibal bit down on the side of Will's neck and Will cried out. The sudden pain was last kick his body needed to slam him into his climax. He gripped Hannibal's hair with one hand, the other white knuckled in his own shirt as he held it out of the way.

Warm semen splattered over their stomachs and he heard Hannibal groan against his skin as he sucked what would later be a vivid bruise into his neck. Hannibal coaxed a slightly delirious Will to switch from holding his own shirt to Hannibal's.

Hannibal used his now free hands to reach around as grab Will's rear. He used the handfuls of firm flesh as leverage as he ground against Will, seeking his own release. It arrived a moment later and Hannibal sighed against Will's neck as his semen joined Will's now drying offering on their skin.

They stayed there for a moment, holding on to each other as Will fought his weak knees and Hannibal caught his breath. The sound of another door opening just two floors below them had the two rushing to tuck their softening cocks away and pull their shirts down.

Will was half surprised that Hannibal didn't pull out some tissues and stop to wipe the cum from their skin. Instead he just tucked his own shirt back in to his slacks and fixed Will with a knowing smirk.

"It seems that I rather enjoy the scent of our shared pleasure. Please, indulge me and leave it on your skin for a little while."

"Someone… someone will smell it… Hannibal we smell like sex. Someone is going to notice."

"Perhaps. If you're truly bothered by people knowing something transpired between us, you may wish to locate a scarf to cover your neck. The mark there is a far more obvious sign."

Will's lips twitched in a snarl as he lunged at Hannibal, grabbing for the front of his jacket. Hannibal easily sidestepped it with a fond chuckle. He was far too smug about having given him a love-bite, and Will's face twisted in a disgruntled grimace for a moment.

He jerked forward again, this time catching Hannibal with an arm around his neck, and crushed their lips together. He bit Hannibal's lower lip hard enough to split it. He lapped the blood from the small wound and pulled back with a devilish grin.

"Even-Steven."

"You know, Ms. Katz was correct in her assessment. You do look rather feral and twinkish with no beard. Especially with that look on your face." Hannibal teased, unperturbed by the bite to his lip as he stepped back an turned to leave.

Will couldn't find it in himself to let Hannibal have the last laugh. He quickly landed a swat to his rear with the flat of a palm. The reaction it caused was intriguing as Hannibal's jaw clenched around what was likely a moan. Instead a heavy breath forced its way out.

"Careful there Doctor Lecter. If you don't behave, I'll show you just how feral I can be."

Hannibal raised a brow in amusement and grabbed Will's hand, lacing their fingers together as he lifted it and pressed a light kiss to his knuckles.

"All the more reason for me to misbehave then."

End Notes

COMMENTS AND KUDOS FUEL MY SOUL.

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